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**ALL
NEW**



The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera
Production

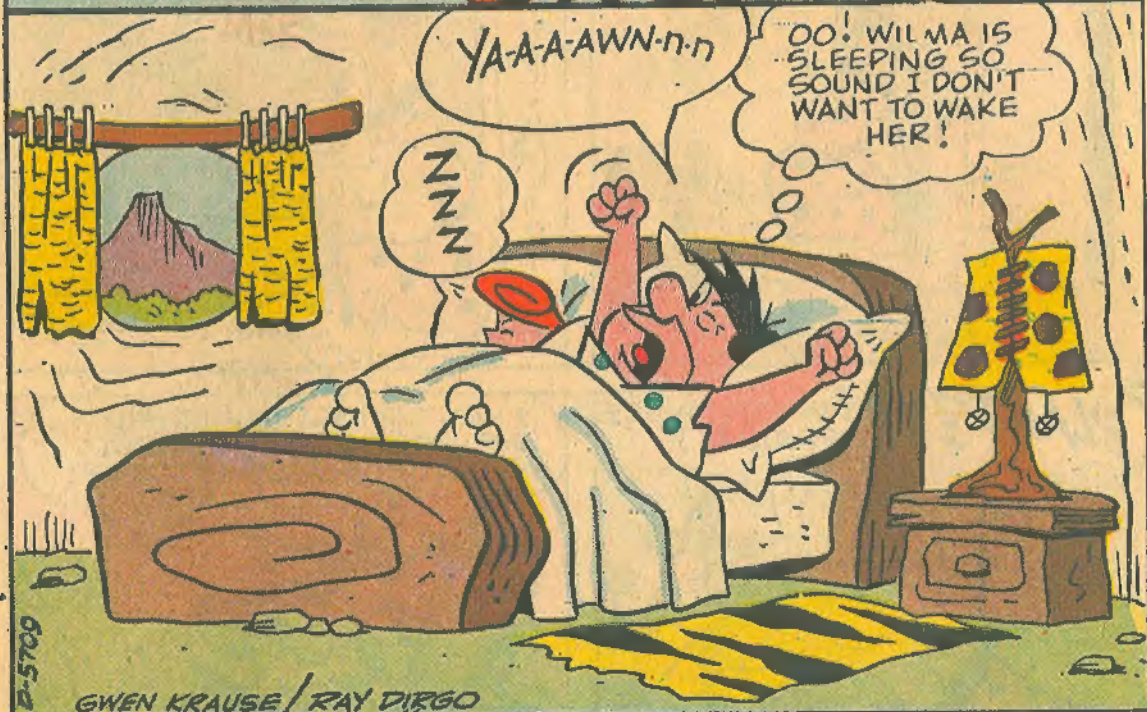


RAY DIEGO

00748

The
FLINTSTONES

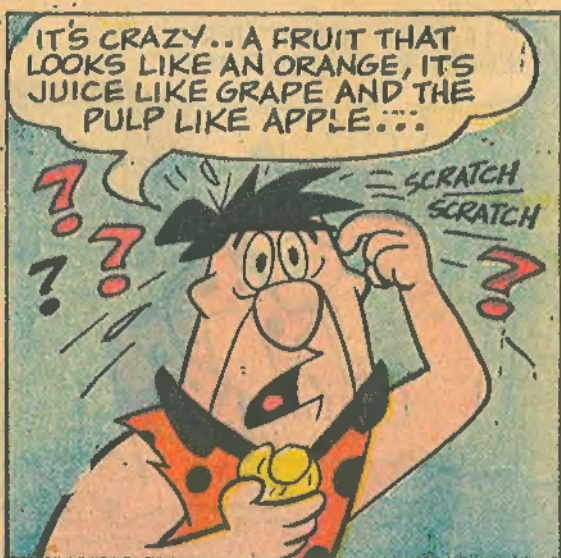
IN A PUZZLING SITUATION!

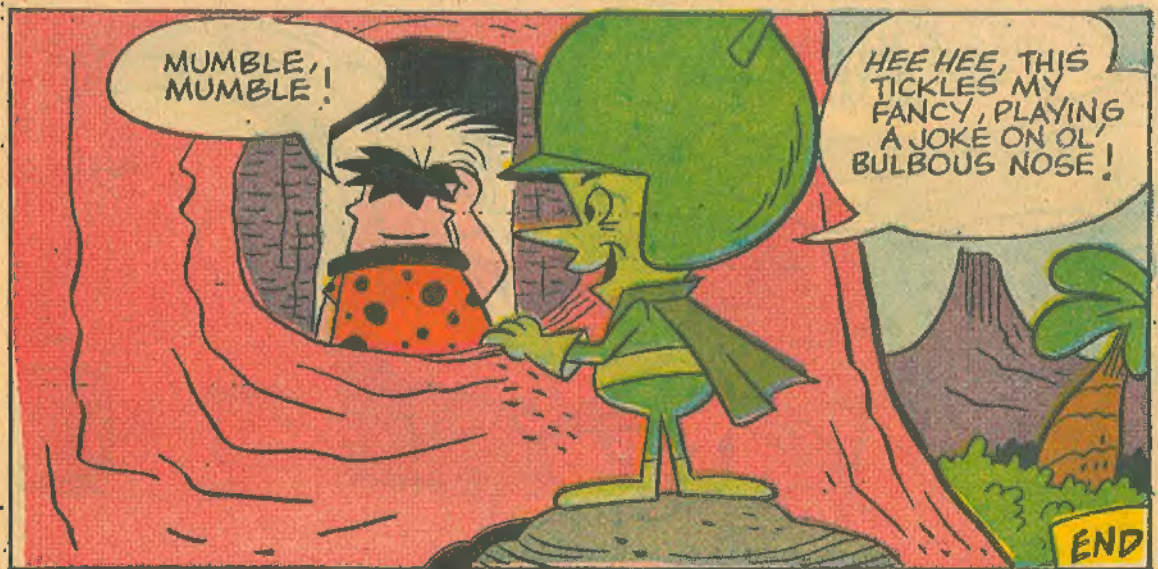
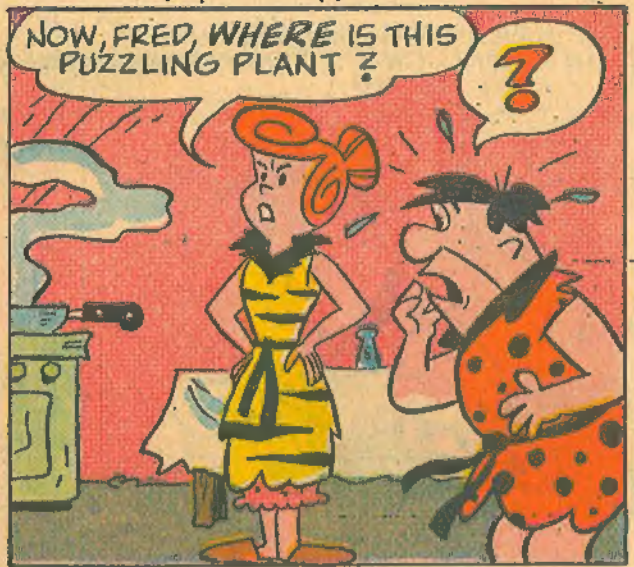


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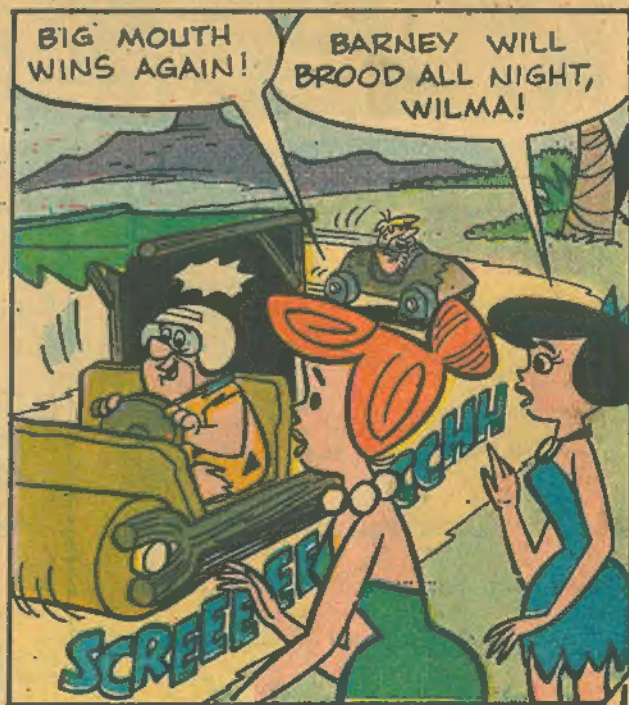
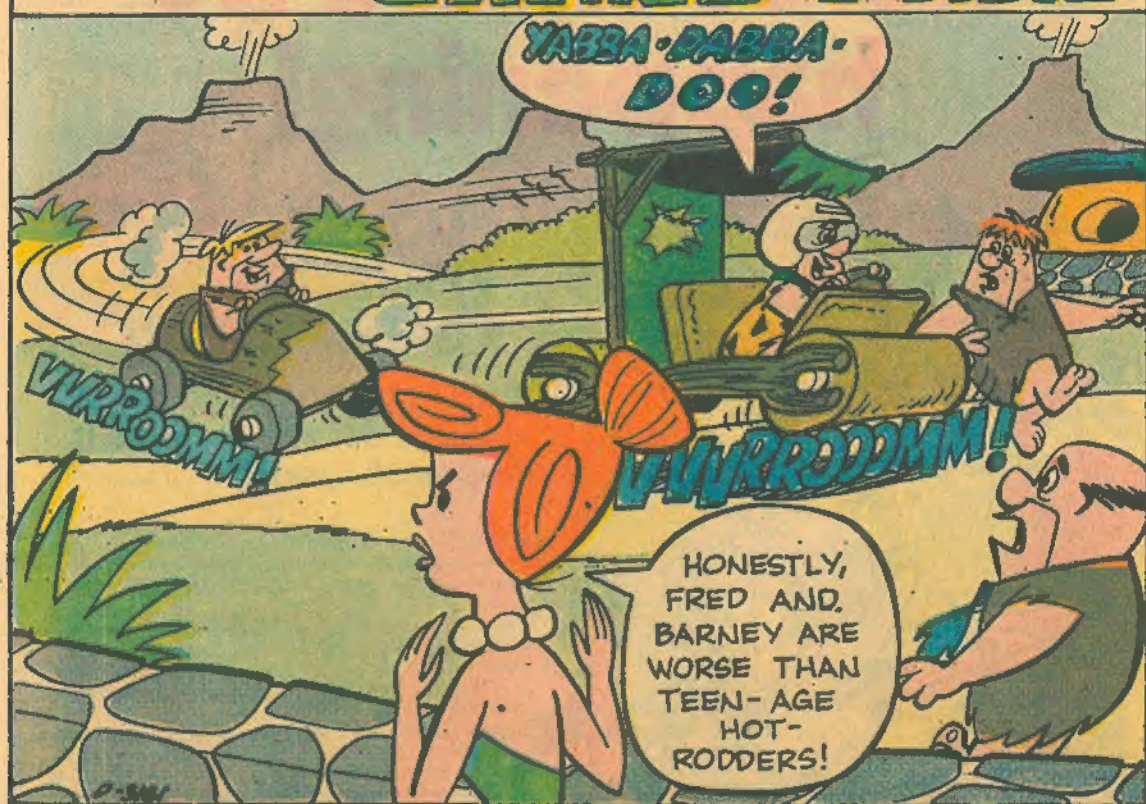
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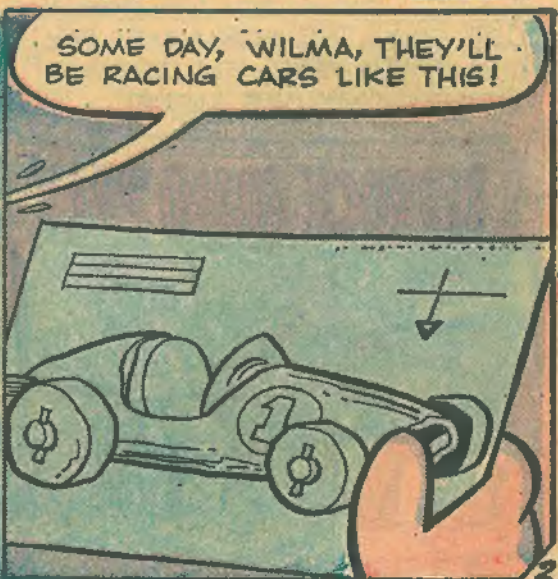
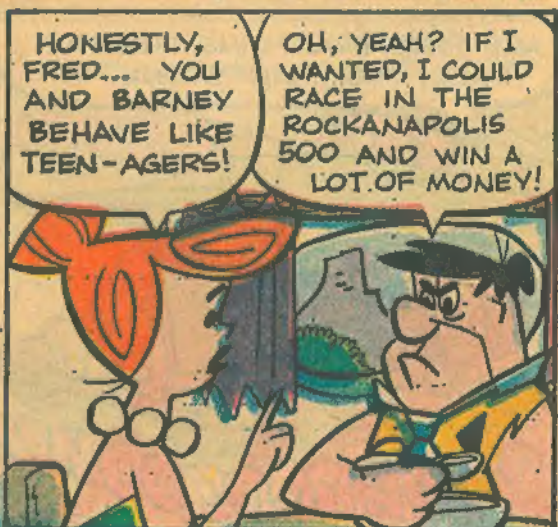






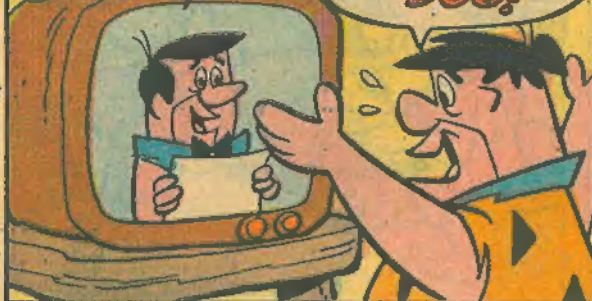
THE FLINTSTONES ^{IN} THE BEDROCK GRAND PRIX





AND, NOW, RACING FANS, PLANS FOR THE BEDROCK GRAND PRIX HAVE BEEN COMPLETED! THOSE WHO DESIRE TO DRIVE IN THIS RACE MUST REGISTER AT ONCE!

YABBA-DABBA-DOO!

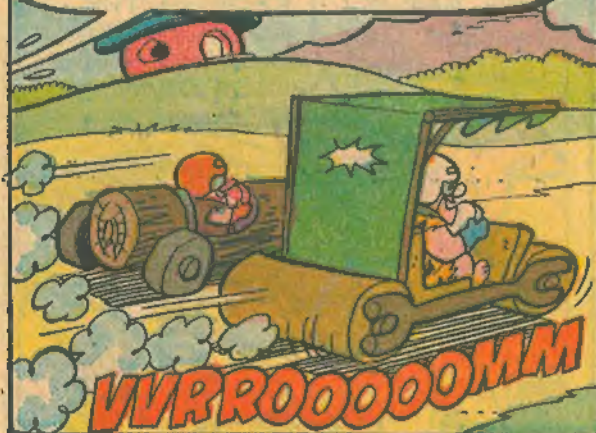


READY, RUBBLE?

READY, FRED!



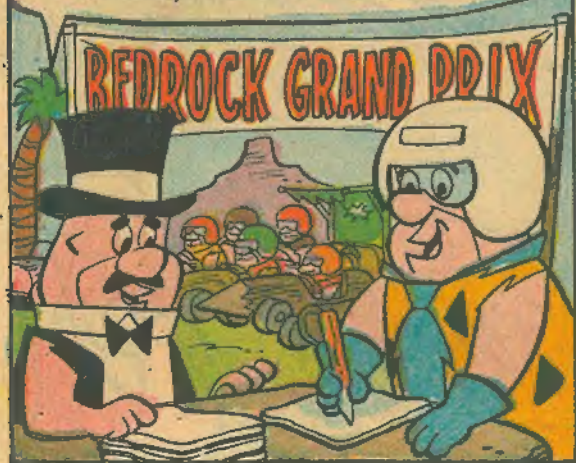
ARE THEY PRACTICING FOR THE RACE, MRS. FLINTSTONE?



THEY'RE ONLY GOING DOWN TO REGISTER FOR THE BEDROCK GRAND PRIX!

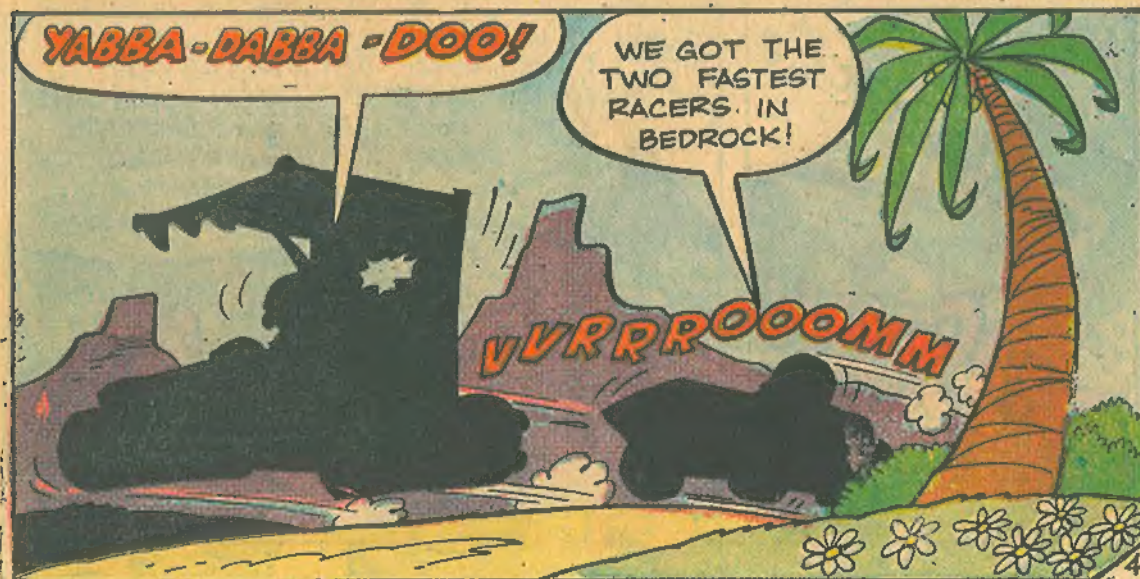
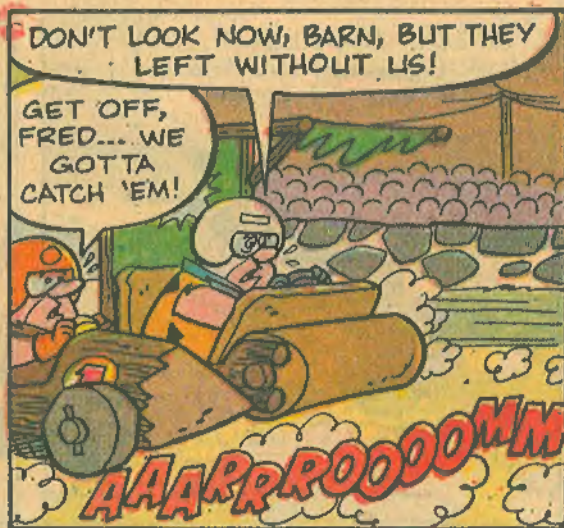
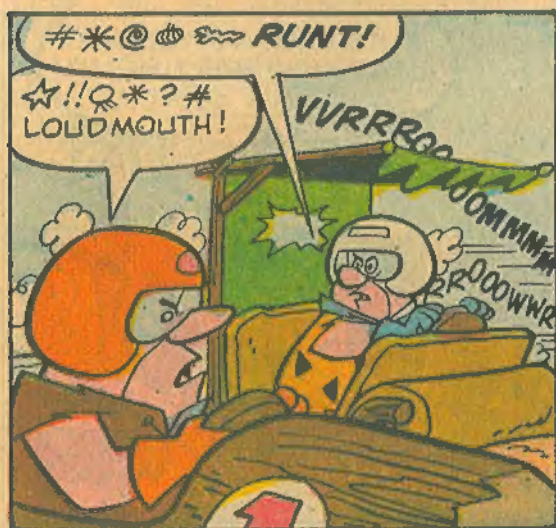
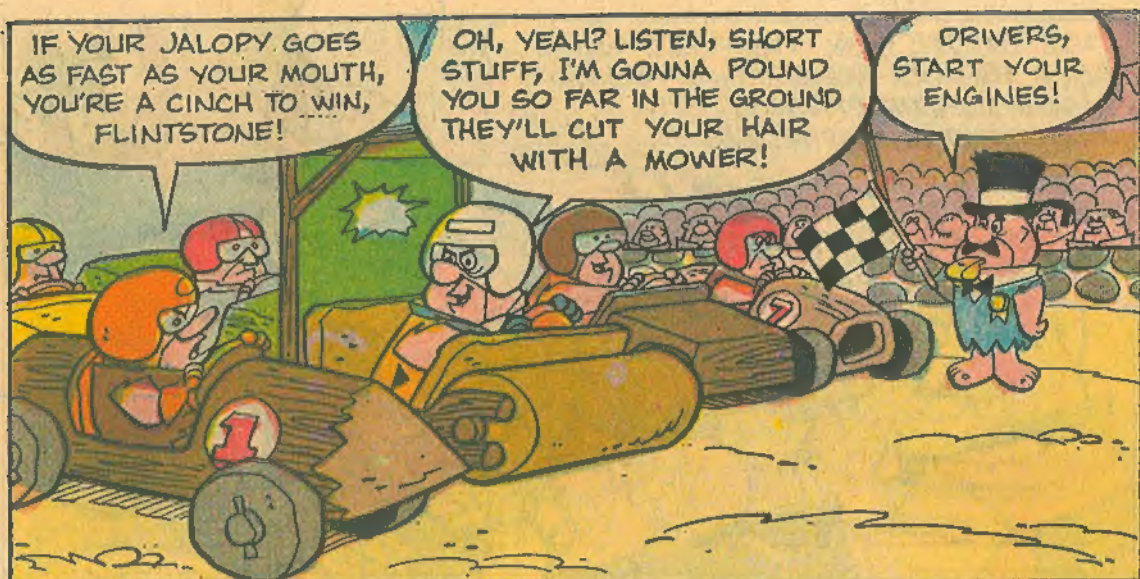


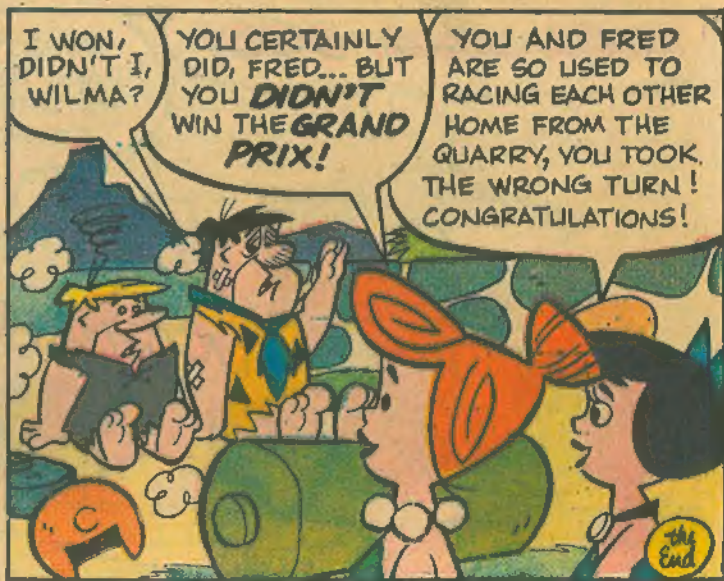
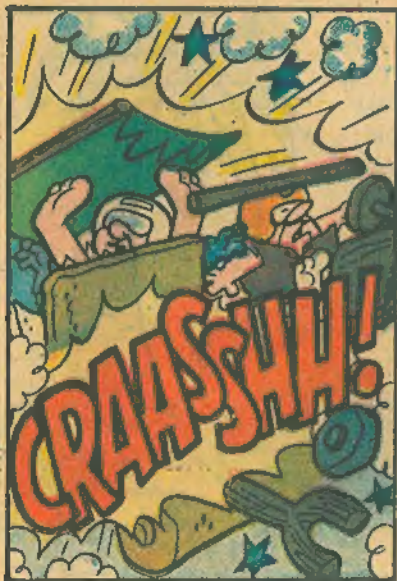
JUST SIGN THE FORM AND PAY YOUR ENTRY FEE, FLINTSTONE! RUBBLE, YOU'RE NEXT!



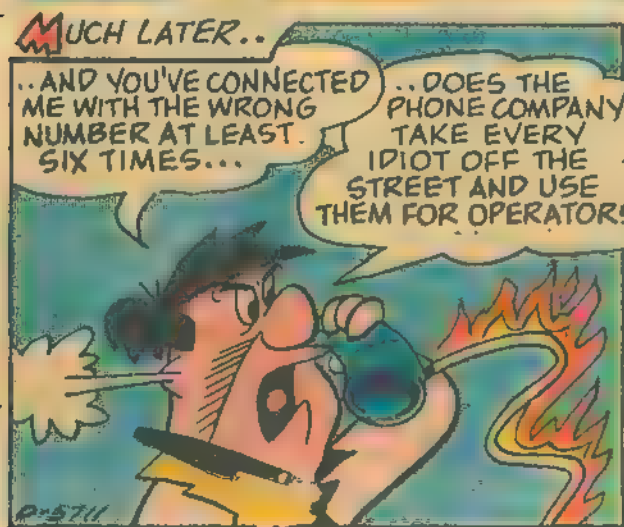
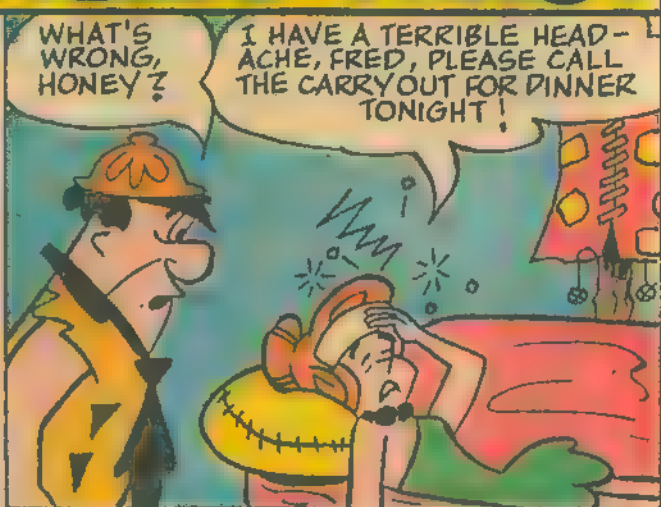
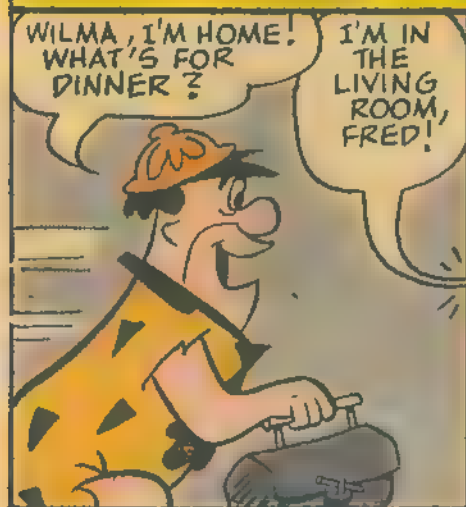
YOU MIGHT AS WELL SAVE YOUR MONEY, RUBBLE! I'M GONNA WIN THE BEDROCK GRAND PRIX!







The FLINTSTONES 'n' Who's Who?



THE FLINTSTONES

FRED FINDS A FRIEND!

YUMMM! I'M GOING TO EAT A WHOLE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EAT MOST OF
THE FOOD ALL BY YOURSELF, FRED
FLINTSTONE! THIS YEAR, WE ALL
SHARE EQUALLY!

BY MYSELF... AND THE
ROAST CHICKEN...
- AND...

YEAH,
FRED...
YOU'RE NOT
THE ONLY
ONE WHO
LIKES
STRAWBERRY
SHORTCAKE!

BEDROCK PARK
PICNIC AREA

DO NOT
FEED THE
DINOSAURS!

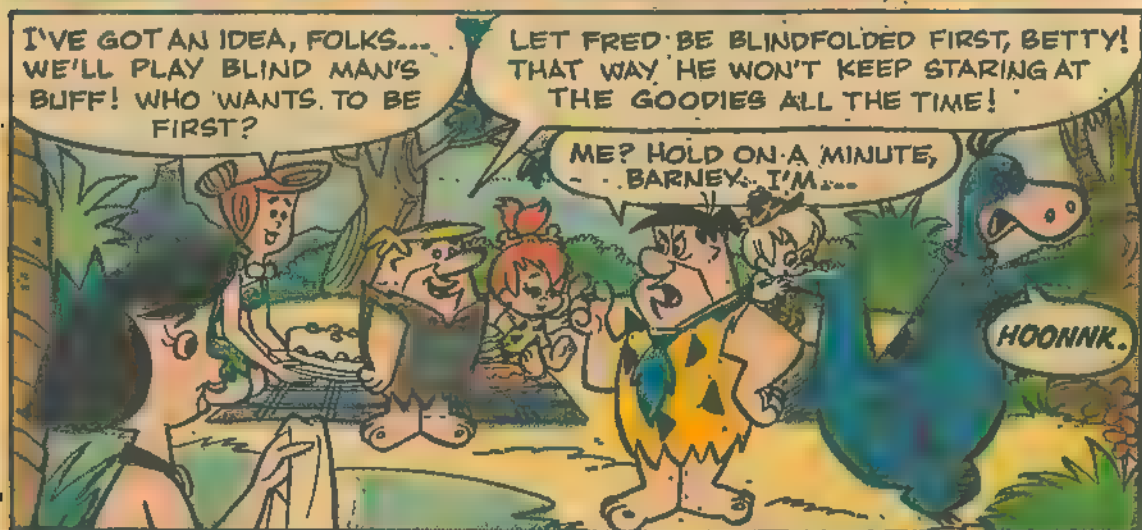
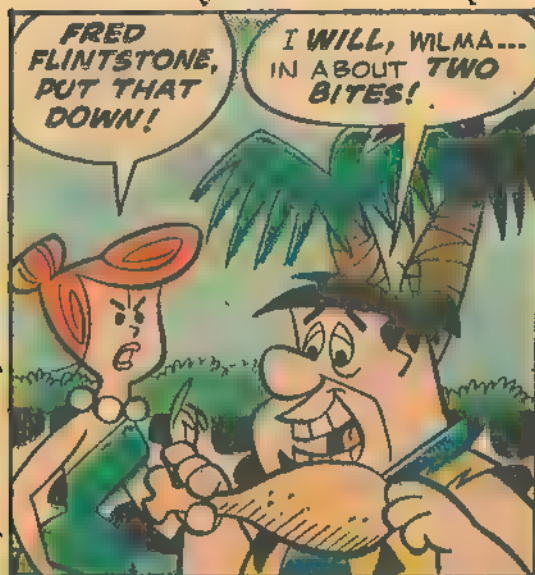
BEWARE
OF
SABERTOOTH
TIGERS.

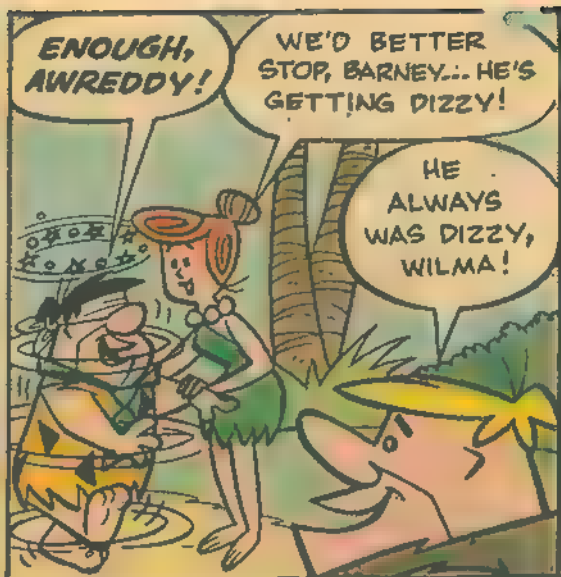
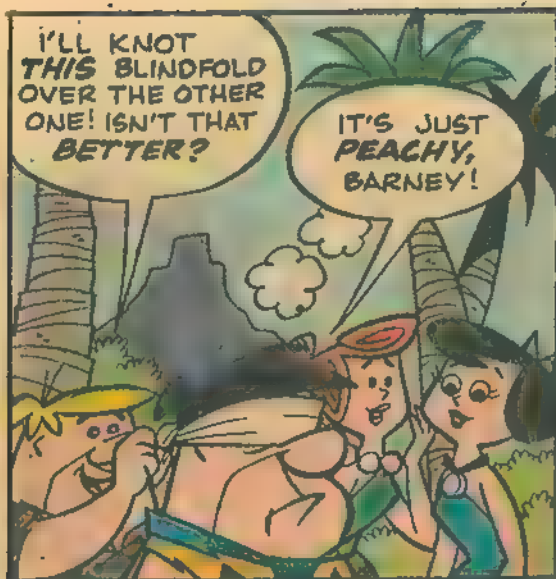
WE'RE HERE!

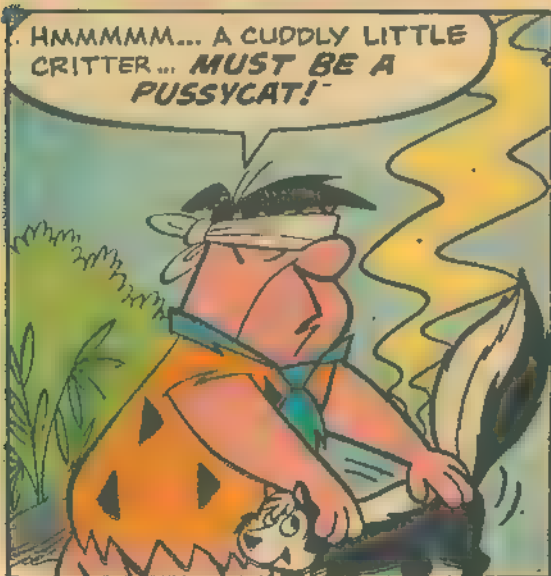
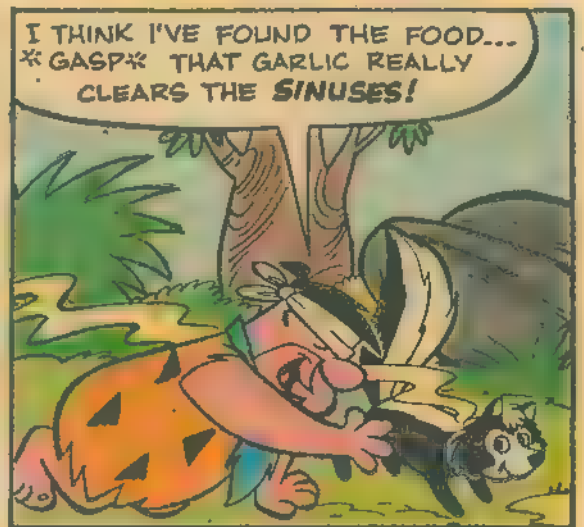
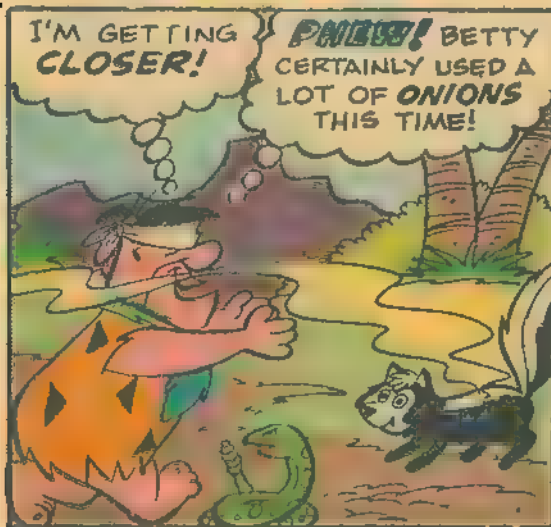
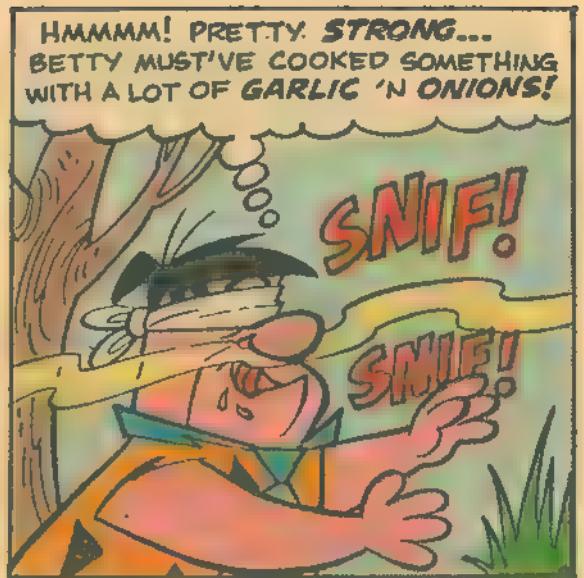
LET'S EAT!

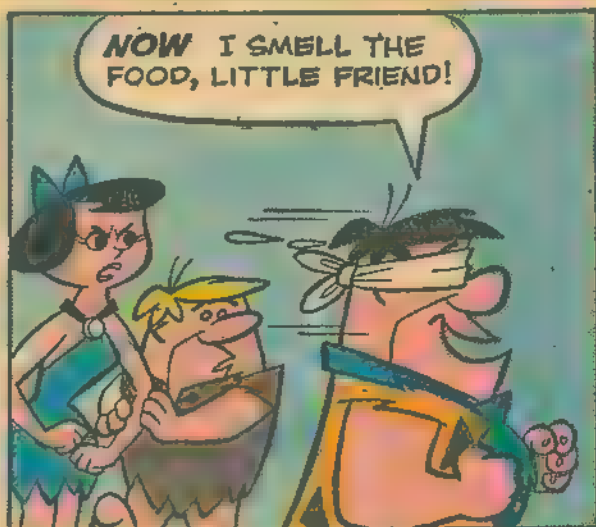
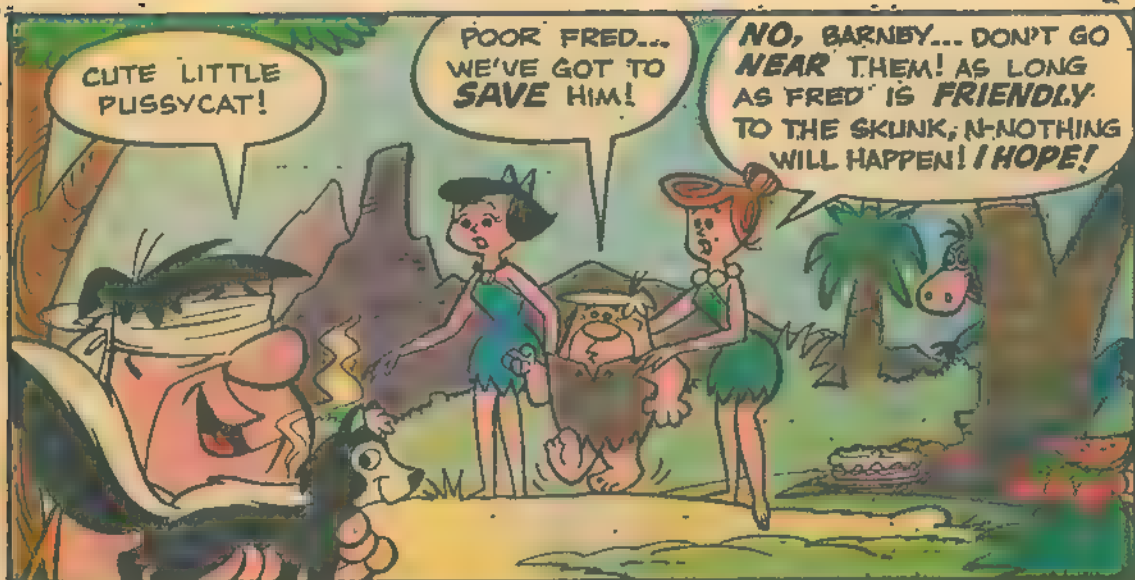
NO, YOU DON'T,
FRED FLINTSTONE!
THERE'S MORE TO A
PICNIC THAN FOOD!

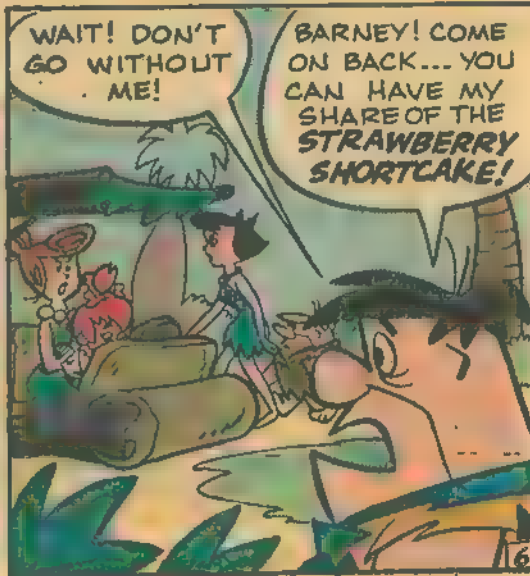
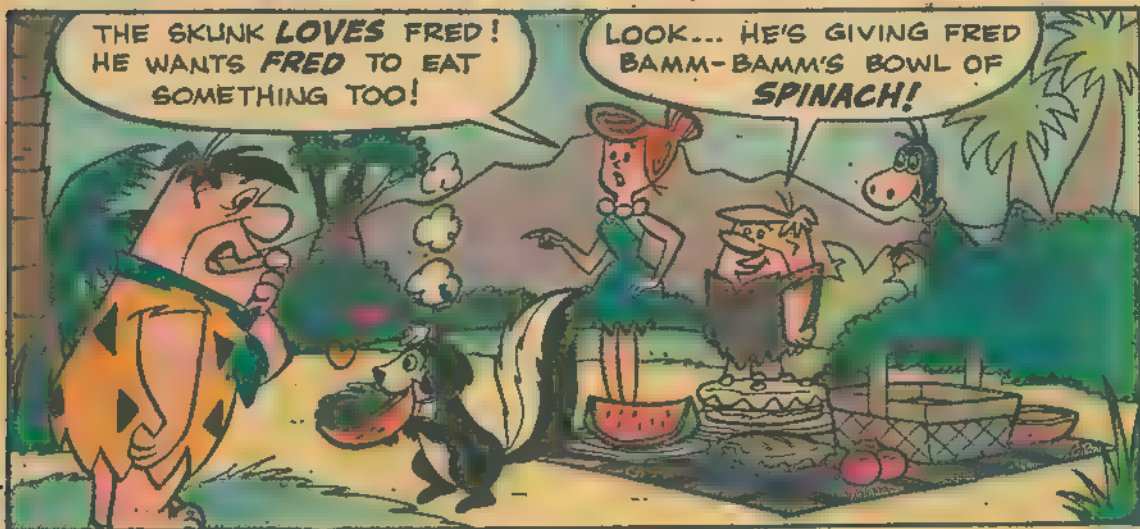
PICNIC
AREA

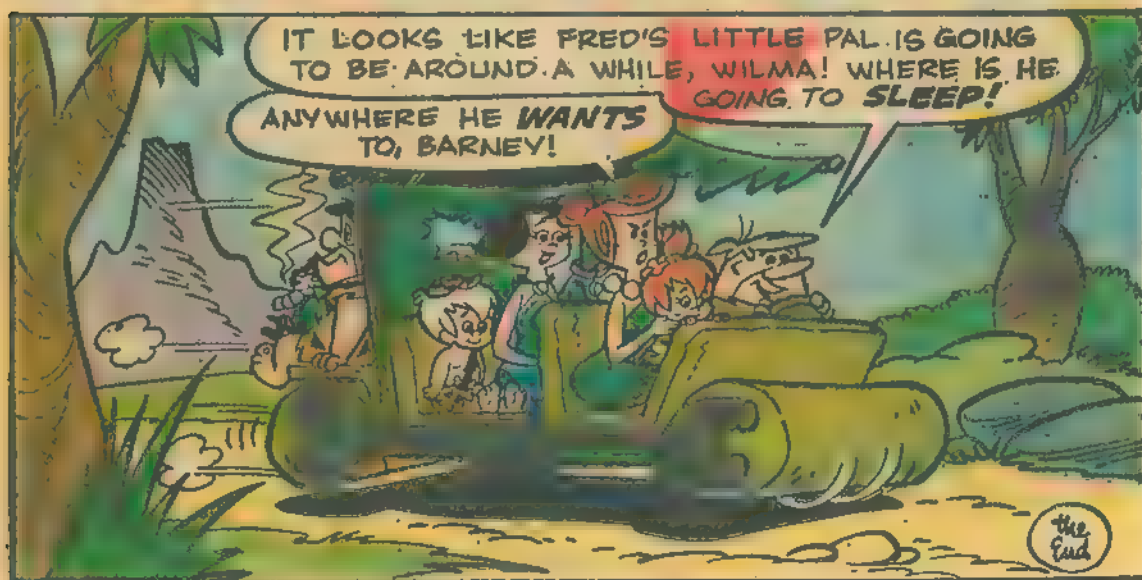
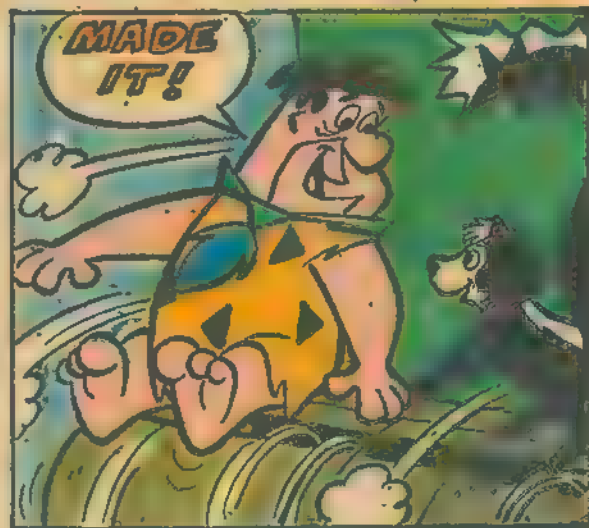















CHALK DUST

My first appointment as a teacher was to P.S. 12 which was located on the east side of our city. I was young and full of energy and enthusiasm. I wanted to be a good teacher. I taught there for five years and then went to a junior high school. That was a promotion for me. Only trouble with teaching is that you come up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering to you. You were never taught about their existence or how to handle them by the professors in the education courses.

Donald was absent on Monday. The rule in the school was that if you were absent you had to bring a note signed by one of your parents giving the date of absence and the reason for it.

"Where is your absence note?" I said to Donald as he was standing at the side of my desk in our official classroom.

He put his hand into his coat pocket. It came out empty. Then he put his hand into each of the two pockets outside of his coat. No note. Then he tried the side pockets of his trousers. Still no note. I saw his hand go for his back pocket. But he didn't put his hand into it.

"Go put your hand into your back pocket," I suggested. "The note must be there."

"Can't do it, teacher," he sighed. "Because if the note isn't in my last pocket, then I am sure out of luck."

Ten minutes later his mother came to school. He had forgotten to take his absence note and left it on the table.

"Next time, I'll pin it on the outside of his coat," she said.

One term I was given by the principal a "Special B" Class which meant that every boy and girl in that class had a high intelligence quotient. Those kids felt that they knew more than the teacher. And alas, sometimes they did. But what they could do to a lesson! One day I was explaining "wise sayings" to the class.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," I remarked. "Now who can explain what that means?"

Peter waved his hand wildly, and I told him to stand. He had an objection to make.

"Why can't you teach an old dog new tricks? Do you have any evidence to present to show it can't be done? I am going to be a scientist. So you have to show me. Who conducted an experiment to prove it?"

I should have quit right there and then. Then Mar-

she raised her hand. She had a contribution to make.

"I think whoever made up that saying never had a dog. We have a very old dog in our home. His name is Chumpy. I have taught him some new tricks. If you would like-it, I could bring Chumpy to school. I will show you that you can teach an old dog new tricks."

"I think somebody got that old saying mixed up," said Jimmy. "I think it should be that you can teach a new dog old tricks. Did you know that there is a book about dog tricks? I have a new dog. My aunt gave him to me for my birthday. His name is Pepper. And I am teaching him some old tricks. I can bring him to school and you can watch me teach him some tricks."

Fortunately, the lunch bell was just about to sound. And when it did, it really saved me from dogs, tricks, and students.

Some of us use the expression "Nere fiddled while Rome burned." It does convey an idea of how we can do something not important while very vital matters demand our attention. So I asked my class this question:

"What was the name of the Emperor who fiddled while Rome burned?"

Mary-Ann raised her hand; and when she arose from her seat, she was somewhat puzzled.

"I know it! I know it! I just forgot it. It is the name of a dog. Not Skimpy! Not Boston! I know it! Nere! That's the name of Danny's Dog. Nere!"

"You are right," I smiled. "You got a mark of 100% for that answer."

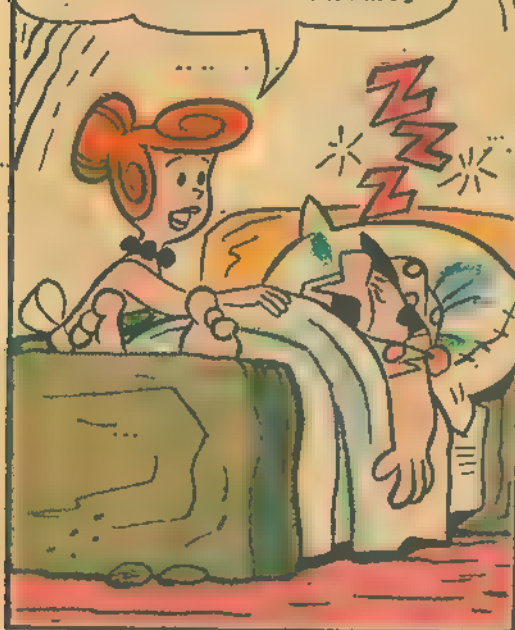
"She's wrong and so are you," half shouted Louis as he jumped up from his seat. "I play the violin. I know all about the history of the violin. There were no violins in the days of ancient Rome. So Nere could not have been fiddling while Rome was burning. Anyway, they should have had a fire department. But let me say that Nere was playing a harp. That was what he was doing."

"Teacher is right," interrupted Donald. "The word fiddle has another meaning. My father showed it to me in the dictionary. It means to waste time. So you see that Nere was really fiddling. And I say he was fiddling with the harp. He didn't have an ear for music. Maybe it made the Romans so mad that they decided to burn Rome down."

Will some future historian settle that matter for me?

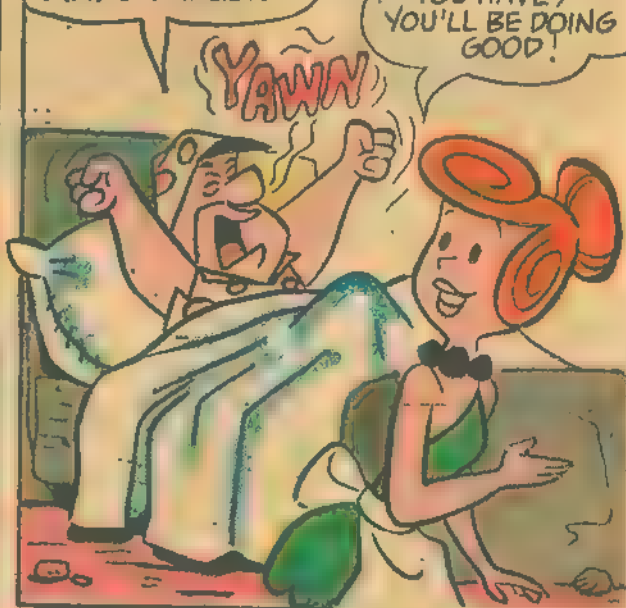
The FLINTSTONES *Car Thieves* IN...

FRED, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE CALLED YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE AGAIN!



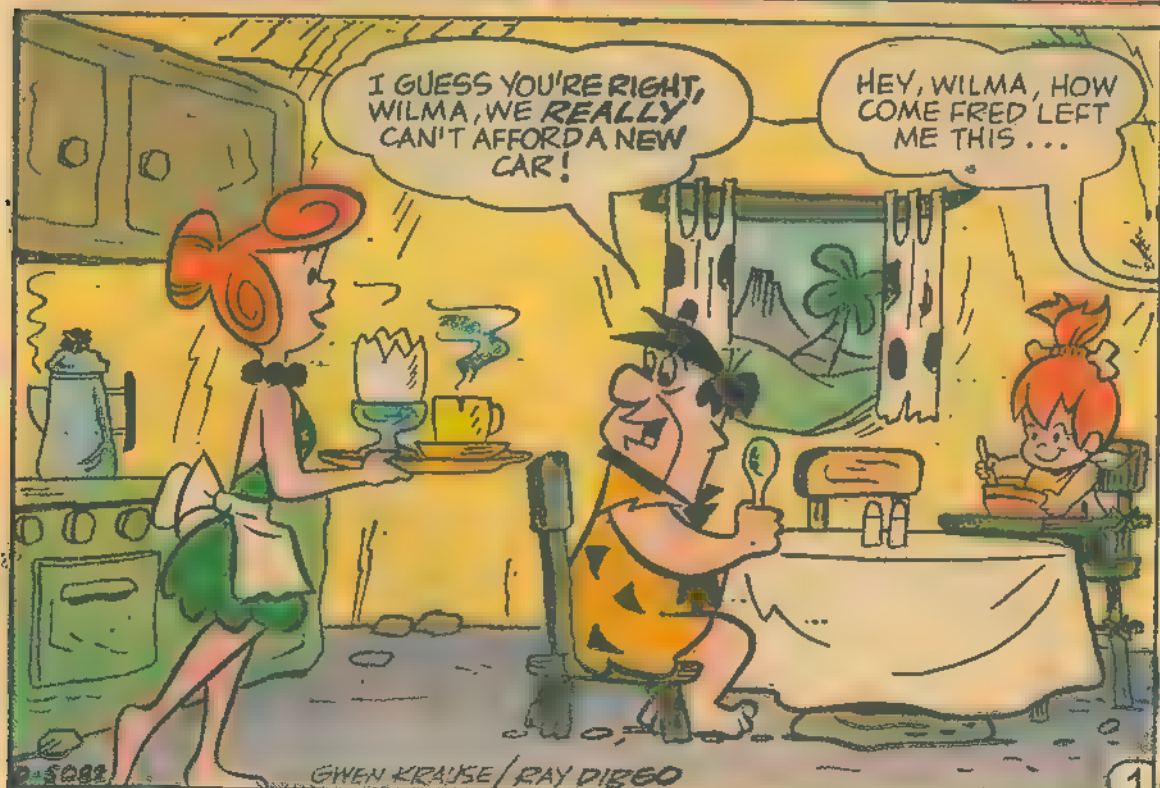
WILMA, I WAS HAVING A WONDERFUL DREAM ABOUT A NEW STATION WAGON!

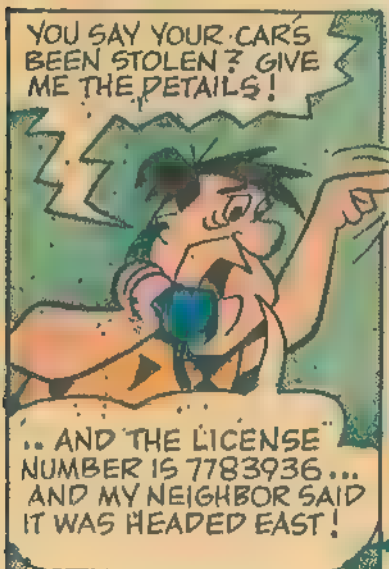
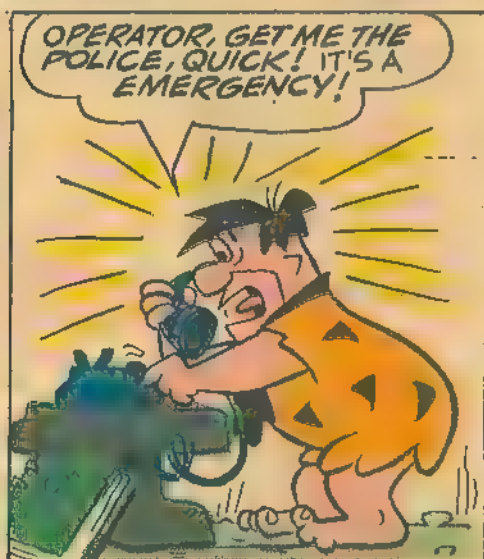
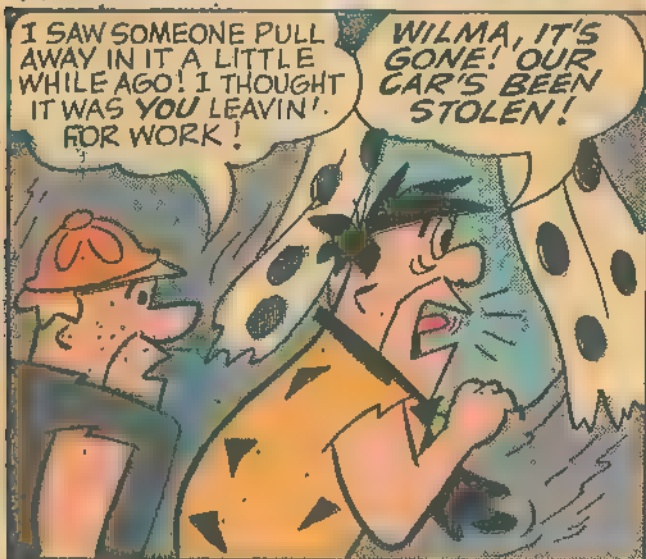
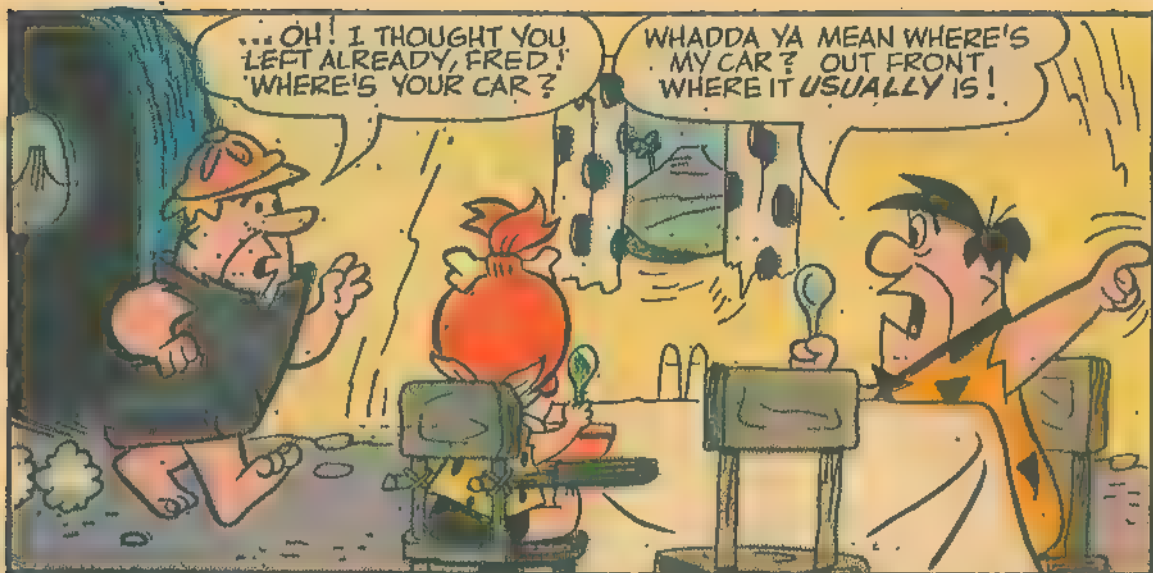
IF YOU JUST MANAGE TO PAY FOR THE ONE YOU HAVE, YOU'LL BE DOING GOOD!

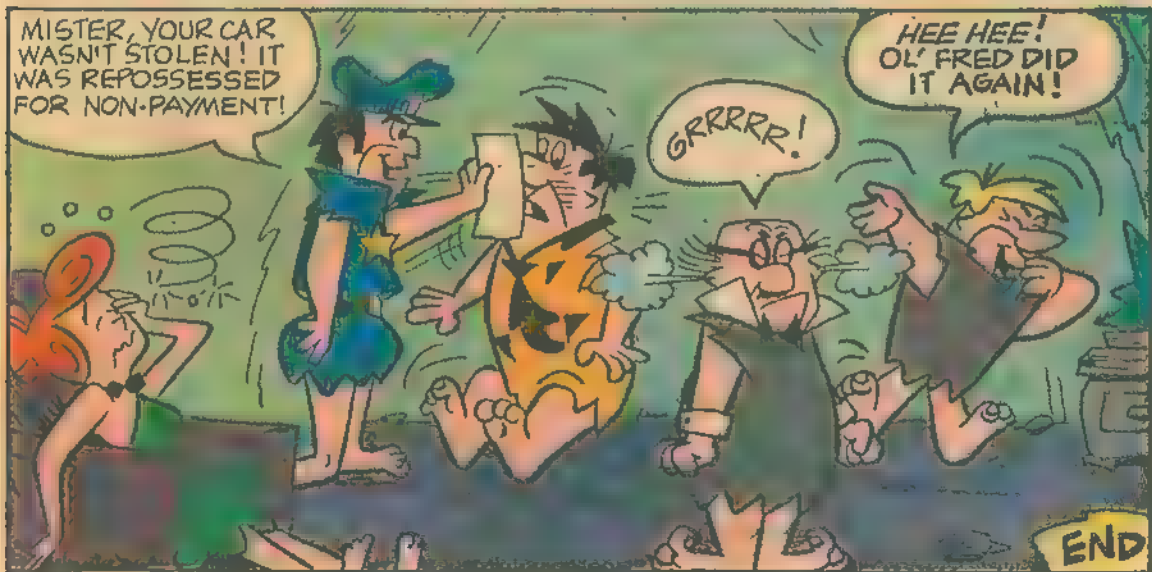
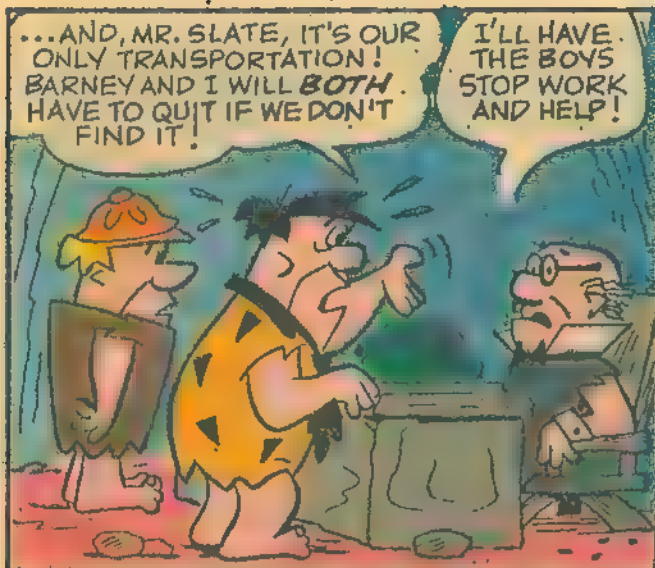


I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, WILMA, WE *REALLY* CAN'T AFFORD A NEW CAR!

HEY, WILMA, HOW COME FRED LEFT ME THIS ...







The FLINTSTONES in **Better Days! are Comin'!**

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIEGO

NOW WHERE DO YOU
SUPPOSE I'LL FIND
MY... **OUCH!**

WHAT HAPPENED, FRED?
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

JUST LOOK AT THIS MESS, WILMA,
EVERY PANTRY OR CLOSET DOOR I'VE
OPENED TODAY HAS HAD THE SAME
SURPRISE WAITING FOR ME!
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR TIME
BESIDES WASTE IT?

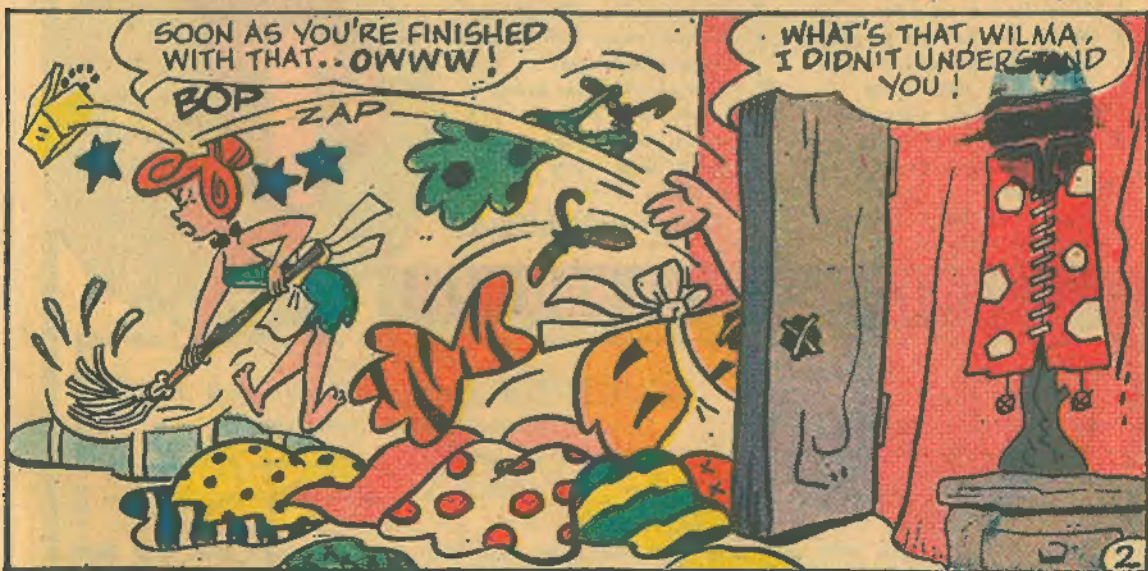
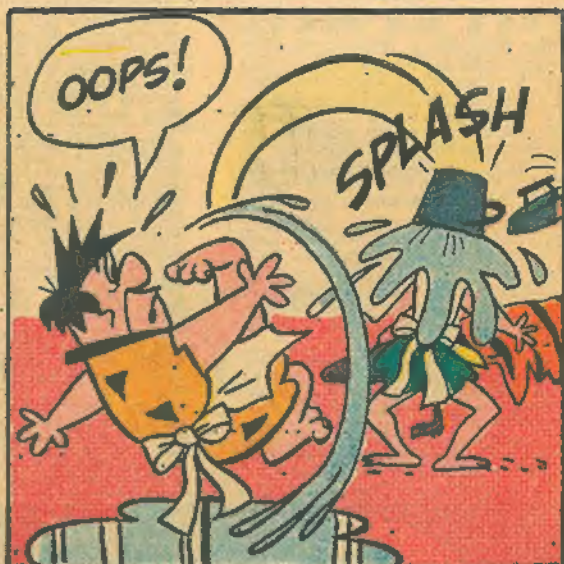
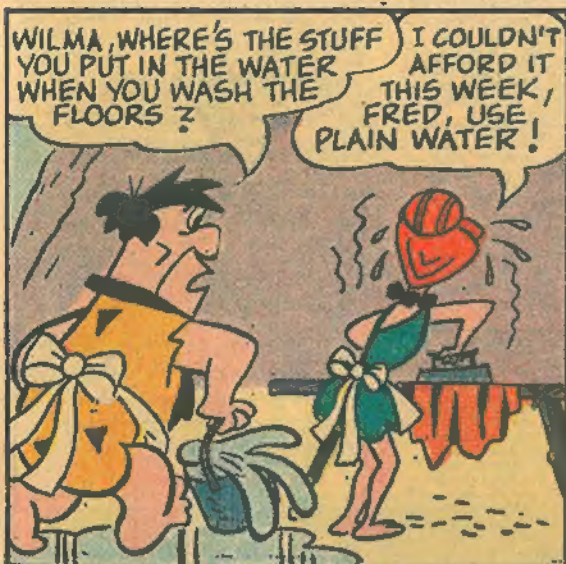
I TRY SO HARD AND YOU DON'T
APPRECIATE IT.. ALL DAY I SPEND
PICKING UP AFTER **YOU** AND RUNN-
ING AFTER PEBBLES... **SOB**

WILMA, HONEY, I'M
SORRY, I'LL HELP YOU
GET THINGS STRAIGHTENED
OUT!

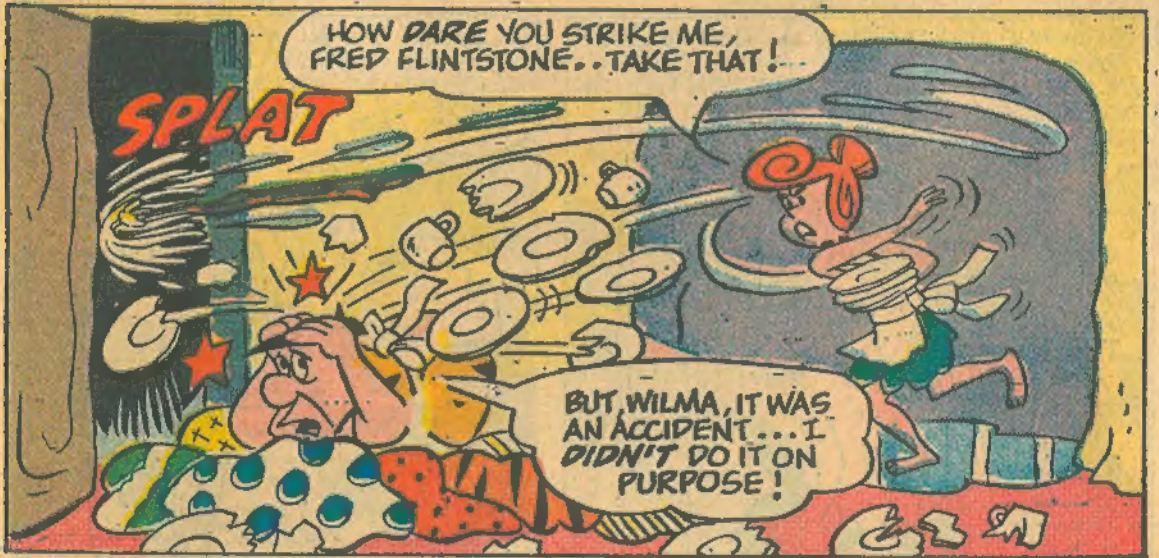
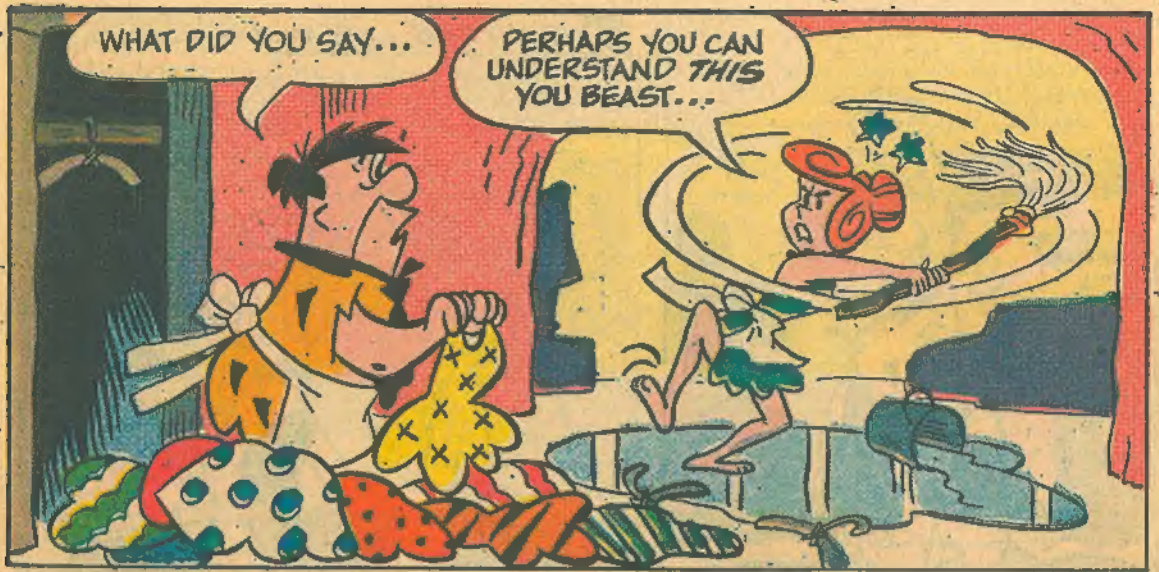


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CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



RELAX, MY PET, OL'DADDY-O WILL TAKE CARE OF THINGS JUST LIKE ALWAYS! I SEE A TRIP IN THE FUTURE, WILMA!



TWO WEEKS LATER:

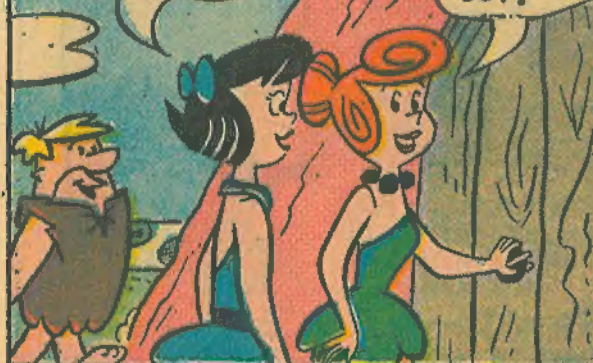
WELL, TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT WE FIND OUT WHAT FRED'S SURPRISE IS, WILMA!

OH, BETTY, I'M SO EXCITED... AND HE STUDIED DAY AND NIGHT FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS!



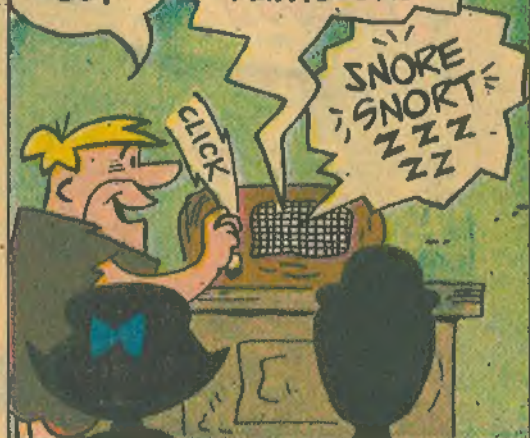
HE SAID HE COULD SEE A TRIP IN THE FUTURE WILMA, MAYBE HE ENTERED A CONTEST THAT WILL BE ANNOUNCED TONIGHT!

..AND HE JUST SAID TO TURN STATION R-O-C-K ON AT SIX O'CLOCK AND WE WOULD FIND OUT!



ALL SET, GIRLS? HERE WE GO!

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR NEW DISK JOCKEY, FRED FLINTSTONE!



YOU'RE FIRED! TAKE A TRIP HOME AND SLEEP ON YOUR OWN TIME!

SO TIRED... STUDY... EXTRA JOB... TRIP... OWWW!

HEE HEE, THAT WAS A GOOD JOB OF SNORING AND SOME TRIP!



END